



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

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PRIDE.

BY ELLENORE TAYLOR.

There were brilliant belles and sparkling beauties at the ball, but Geraldine was not one of them. She possessed not, for she desired not, the admiration of the multitude. Her sphere of enjoyment was home, *there* her beauties shone out and her attractions displayed themselves. Yet she did not despise the gaiety which was not necessary to her happiness, she partook in the animation which kindled in the cheeks and flashed in the eyes of all around her and the pleasure that shone in every face was reflected in her own.

As her eye roamed through the smiling throng it was caught and riveted by a stranger. He was dancing, but he did it as if he despised his employment—and himself for being engaged in it. He seemed to tread the earth, not because it was his appropriate sphere, but because he was compelled to submit to the temporary degradation. He actually spurned the earth he trod on.

'He moved a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurled.'

A conscious dignity elevated his frame and communicated itself to every motion. It was 'a form where every god had set his seal to give the world assurance of a man!' But not a *man* for man is 'lower than the angels.' He seemed not 'less than archangel ruined.' The grandeur that pervaded his frame might beseech one who had been accustomed to look on but one being in the universe as his superior—none as his equal, and the flashes of his eye indicated no small portion of the sin for which the Son of the Morning fell. Geraldine gazed, and the rest of the scene vanished from her senses. She saw not the crowd—she heard not the music. For the moment, the world contained nothing for her but that one figure. Her pulses thrilled in unison with every movement and when at length he ceased she covered up her face and wept.

As soon as she could control her new and strange emotion, she looked around the hall, but the stately stranger was no longer there!—This abrupt and unseen disappearance completed his effect on Geraldine's feelings. Her mind was above superstition, but her imagination was not, and she loved to think of the majestic vision, which had so suddenly appeared and so quickly vanished, as allied to the heavenly host that joined the Arabian prophet in the battle of Bedar, engaged for an hour in the affairs of mortals and then sprung back to their native skies. Geraldine tasted but little repose that night. The form of the stranger moved before her whenever she closed her eyes, and the haughty flash of his eye and the contemptuous curl of his lip would obtrude themselves on her sight, in spite of her efforts to banish them; and when exhausted nature at length sunk into an unquiet slumber, it was only to present the same object accompanied by circumstances wild and fanciful as an unrestrained imagination could invent.

The following day was occupied in receiving calls, and the beaux were surprised to find the animated agreeable Geraldine metamorphosed into an absent, spiritless, uninterested and consequently uninteresting being. The next day, which was Sunday, she walked to church resolving to banish the image she had so foolishly dwelt upon for many hours past. The services commenced. She joined in the prayer with her whole heart, nor did one earthly feeling alloy the devotion of that moment. With an additional effort she had succeeded in fixing her mind upon the hymn when a voice behind her struck in and joined the choir. It was deep and very low, but its tones thrilled through every nerve. Each note vibrated to the depths of her soul. She had no curiosity to know from whom this melody proceeded, for she felt that there was but one being on earth who could utter such sounds. Though she was morally certain that by turning her head she might see the object of her dreams by night and her reveries by day, yet by some strange perversity, she closed her eyes and yielded

herself wholly to the sense of hearing; and when the sound ceased her existence seemed to cease with it. * * * *

'What means that start, as if your heart were trying to jump out of your bosom?' asked a young lady who was leaving the church arm in arm with Geraldine.

'Look at that man leaning against the pillar at our right,' answered she in a low voice.

'What a splendid figure, a painter might copy him for Lera in Otho's banquet hall. But was it merely seeing him that made you start so?' Geraldine described his appearance at the ball, the music she had just heard and their effect upon her. When she had finished, her friend burst into a long and loud fit of laughter.

'You! Geraldine, *you!* fall in love with a stranger, because he dances and sings well and has a good figure!'

'That I am in love I deny,' said Geraldine blushing, 'and though I may feel an uncommon interest in this stranger, it is not because of any personal gifts, but of the high soul, the proud spirit indicated by every look, every motion and every tone of his voice.'

'Well, good bye my susceptible friend, (for you see I have got home) and remember it is not wise to love a bright particular star.'

'Provoking creature,' muttered Geraldine as the giddy girl turned from her and ran up the steps.

Her father had mentioned to her that he should bring home to dinner the agent of a mercantile house in Savannah, with which he was connected, and that he was to become a member of the family. Having however more interesting subjects of thought, she did not again think of it till on entering the parlour, her father introduced her to Mr. Cressingham?

Perhaps her indifference was not much increased when, in the gentleman, who with polished courtesy rose to pay her his compliments, she recognised the stranger of whom she had just been speaking! Though the awe she would naturally have felt on finding herself in presence of that majestic being was considerably diminished by calling him '*Mister*,' and knowing that he was engaged in mercantile business, yet her usual ease of manner had quite deserted her, and her father was surprised at the deep blush and trembling embarrassment with which she received the new inmate.

Months passed away, and Cressingham had daily opportunities of observing Geraldine's quiet domestic virtues, her goodness of heart, her sweetness of temper, her strength and tenderness of feeling. By degrees he discovered also her rich treasures of intellect. He saw 'the warm blood rushing to her brow,' at an instance of meanness or vice, he saw her eye sparkling with delight when he uttered a noble sentiment, her cheek growing pale at a tale of terror and her tears gushing forth at a scene of woe. When he read to her from the page where Genius has inscribed characters for eternity,

her expression changed with every new sentiment, and he saw the emotions that agitated his own bosom reflected in her face. Before he saw her his heart was unengaged—Need I say more? When their voices united, their hearts combined in harmony, and when they walked by star-light their souls drank in the delicious light of love.

When Geraldine declared to her giddy friend that she was not in love, she spoke from the dictates not only of maidenly feeling, but of truth. At that time her imagination alone was affected, but when she heard the haughty tones of his voice subdued to softness in addressing her, when she saw the proud flashes of his eye melted to tenderness in conversing with her, and his lofty head bent to catch her accents, the impression was transferred from the imagination to the heart.

This dream of young love was interrupted by a change in Cressingham's manners. He avoided her presence except at the brief periods allotted for meals, and when the common courtesies of the table obliged him to address her, it was in a studied formal manner and with looks studiously averted. Once, on quickly looking up she met his eyes fixed on her with a gaze of the wildest, most unutterable anguish. It was as if the concentrated agonies of ages could be expressed in a single glance. The terrified girl shuddered and sunk back in her chair, but instantly recovering herself, she remarked that the room was cold, and called for more fuel.

One morning as Geraldine was sitting alone in the parlour, Cressingham impetuously entered. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes wild and his appearance frantic, 'Geraldine!' he cried throwing himself at her feet and taking her hand, 'Geraldine! I am come to bid you a long an eternal farewell!' He paused, but she was too much alarmed to reply. She thought his intellect was deranged. He continued 'Yes Geraldine! we now part, never—never to meet again on earth! Geraldine! I have loved you to madness—to idolatry—as I shall ever love you till this tumultuous heart is still as death can make it. Yes I have loved you better than any thing in Creation! any thing—but Honour. Honour commands me to leave you—and I must tear you from my heart though the life-strings break in the effort. Farewell! farewell! Forget that you have ever seen me—forget that such a being as Cressingham, has ever crossed your path. There is misery—there is madness in the thought, but if it is necessary to your happiness, oh forget me! forget me!'

He rushed from the house and Geraldine was alone. 'Forget him! I cannot. This last momentary interview has rendered it impossible. Had his unworthiness separated us, how easily could I have cast his image from me. Or had he departed without this declaration—wild and phrenzied as it is—I might have called pride and delicacy to erase his name from my heart, but while in the very act of

deserting me, he has vowed to love me till death and while that very desertion renders him still more admirable—oh my heart may break but can never forget him. And it shall break in silence. 'The world shall never know my love nor my sufferings. I can endure any thing better than the degradation of pity.' An invitation for a party was brought her and she immediately resolved that she would go and that the world should suspect any thing but that her heart was breaking. Never before had she appeared so gay. She danced with an energy that gave a peculiar grace to her movements and her tongue ran incessantly with that flip-pant nonsense which in such places is the most acceptable substitute for conversation. The gentlemen thought her wonderfully improved, the young ladies declared her shockingly affected, while those rather more advanced pronounced such flighty conduct to be 'very unbecoming in a young lady.'

She continued thus, like the Spartan youth, to conceal in her bosom the foe that was preying on her vitals, till the anniversary returned on which she had first seen Cressingham. That anniversary was always celebrated by a ball, and she felt she *could not* on that night and in that place wear the mask of mirth. Ashamed, however, of her weakness, and fearful of its being suspected, she determined to be there, whatever it might cost her. She went and was gayer than ever. Many, that night envied her light heart and happy untroubled lot. Ah! how little did they know for what they were sighing!

When she returned home she found on her dressing-table a letter which had been brought there during her absence. She was turning away with soul-sick indifference, when her eye was caught by the hand-writing. She snatched it up, eagerly broke the seal and read as follows.

'Geraldine! have you fulfilled the request I made in the distraction of parting, and forgotten me? Oh if you have, it will be too terrible a punishment for my folly. But no! I cannot endure the thought, I will not admit it while a gleam of hope remains. As I take it for granted you wish to know the reason of my strange conduct when I last saw you, I will proceed to explain it.

'When I first knew you, my father was possessor of a princely fortune, which I had every reason to believe would be mine. Under this conviction I asked your father's permission to address you and had just obtained it, when I received intelligence that my father had failed and lost all! Oh what a terrible blow was this! I instantly determined to go to my father and maintain him by my labour, but not involve you in my poverty nor share your fortune. I then thought this determination the result of the most honourable feeling. I am now convinced that it proceeded from a foolish and culpable pride. Your father kindly endeavoured to turn me from my purpose, assured me that

he could give you enough for both and that the want of fortune on my part was no objection to our union. He did not—he could not know how powerfully his pleadings were seconded by my heart. But it was all in vain, I felt a kind of sullen satisfaction in immolating my earthly happiness to the Moloch I had erected and applying to him the lines we used to admire so much.

'And here before thy shrine I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
Linked with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to thee!'

'I intended to leave you in ignorance of my sentiments and obtained from your father a promise not to mention to you my proposal. With great difficulty I kept my resolution till the moment when I was leaving for the last time, as I thought, the house where I had known you, when I was irresistibly impelled, to breathe one adieu before leaving you forever. I lost the control over my feelings and—the result you may remember.

'Since then by several unexpected occurrences, my father has recovered the whole of his vast property, and I now feel at liberty to entreat your acceptance of my hand and heart without even the imputation of an unworthy motive.

'Geraldine! I feel that my expressions are cold and unimpassioned. In comparison with my feelings, they are like the snow upon the surface of Hecla compared to the eternal fires that rage within. Oh! I could better hope to give the blind an idea of your beautifully expressive countenance or to make the deaf comprehend the witching melody of your voice than to express my love in words!

'Geraldine! my past folly deserves punishment, but oh! if you knew the sorrow, the self-reproach, the agony it has cost me, you would think it amply atoned for. I feel—I trust you will not reject the returning penitent. Do I trust in vain? I will be with you to-morrow and receive my answer from your own lips. In that answer I shall receive life or death. Adieu till to-morrow. CRESSINGHAM.'

After the violence she had been doing her feelings, the sudden rush of emotion was too much for her. A domestic who occupied an adjoining apartment was awakened by a violent, horrid burst of laughter. She started up and listened—all was still as death. She concluded that it was a dream and tried to sleep again. But that frightful laugh echoing around her prevented any repose for the remainder of the night, and to the last moment of her life, whenever her sleep was troubled, that horrible sound would ring around her, breaking the stillness of night and driving slumber from her pillow.

In the morning, when the girl entered her mistress's room, she found her fallen upon the carpet, her hand convulsively grasping a letter on which her glazed eyes were fixed in a

ghastly straining gaze. Her features were frightfully convulsed—the rigidity of death was upon them! * * * * *

‘Where is your daughter sir?’ cried Cressingham, rushing into the room where the bereaved father sat. With fearful calmness, the old man rose, took his hand, led him to another apartment, and pointing to the wreck of all he loved, uttered as if the word were wrung by the hand of anguish from his inmost soul, ‘There!’

The lover gazed a moment, then striking his head with his clenched hand, rushing from the house—a maniac.

First Prize Tale from the Ladies’ Mirror.

THE FATALIST.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF HARTFORD, (CT.)
(Concluded.)

The dread of being apprehended as a criminal caused Edward to leave college in a clandestine manner. He stated to no one the course he should shape or the business he should follow.—He left a short note—addressed to his father in which he mentioned his wretched state of mind and the crime which had led him to seek shelter in another part of the land—at the same time advising him—to give up all hopes of his return or his ever becoming a useful and an honorable man. The effect which such news had upon his relations and friends can be better imagined than described. It was a death blow to the cherished hopes of the father, a rending of the best affections of the mother, and to his love—aye reader—to Elizabeth Stanley, it was death itself. That he, who possessed such a heaven-born genius—who once bid fair

——— ‘to leave a name
Whose echo from the abyss of time
Should rise and float upon the winds
Into the far hereafter’

and whom she loved with the deep fervor of a woman’s first and only love, should thus turn out a drunkard and a criminal was too much for human nature to bear. They may talk as they will of blighted affections and broken hearts—but for one I believe in them; I believe in the entire devotion of feeling to one object, and in the possibility of dying from disappointed love. Man may be so much the creature of interest and ambition that this disappointment will only wound his sensibilities and give a temporary blast to his prospects. But woman when she has loved with her whole soul, and been duped into the belief that she was loved in return with a corresponding sincerity, cannot mingle in the stirring scenes of life and forget the event. Hers is not a lot to engage in the toils and turmoils of existence,—but the heart is her world, and by this alone she ‘moves and has her being.’ Elizabeth Stanley made no outward show of grief for the disappointment of her hopes. But ‘passion when deep is still.’ The shallow stream ripples and foams on its pathway—while the deep river rolls on noiseless and undisturbed. In the society of her companions

she put on an air of gaiety and cheerfulness—but it was forced. Hers was a stroke of calamity that scorched the inmost soul, and albeit she exhibited no signs of grief—she nevertheless felt it operating silently—but surely within. Like the beautiful tree of the forest which nourishes a worm at its root, she began to droop and wither—strikingly exemplifying

——— ‘that sweetness in woman’s decay
When the light of beauty is fading away.’

She died at last like many others who have made an unworthy bestowal of their affections—of bitter disappointment.

Ten years had now passed away and nothing had been heard of Edward Morton—save that he had repaired to New-Orleans and enlisted in the service of a Privateer. His father had given up all hopes of his ever becoming so much of a reformed man, as to return to his paternal roof and become a solace to him in his declining years.—He was fully convinced in his own mind that the theory which he had clung to in College, would lead him, if it had not already led him, into irretrievable ruin. He resolved therefore as far as practicable to stifle the feelings of regret and to throw the pall of forgetfulness over his renegade son. His other children he cherished with all a father’s fondness and in guiding them in the upward paths of honor and usefulness—he drew from the lessons of experience, and constantly reminded them of the errors and follies of a self-ruined brother. In a word, Edward had become almost entirely forgotten in the thriving village of his boyhood, or was only remembered as an example of the unhappy influence which false principles may have upon the temperament and turn of the character.—Ten years I have said had passed away and nothing of importance had been heard of him, when business called me to the city of N***—**** in a distant state. Like many other sojourners of eager curiosity, I set myself one afternoon to ambulating the place with a view to observation, and was just passing the Court House when the animated tones of the speaker’s voice struck upon my ear and induced me to enter. Here I beheld a crowded audience, listening ‘open mouths and ears erect’ to the brilliant eloquence of one who was pleading indignantly against the enormities of crime. Upon inquiry I ascertained that the case then upon the docket was that of a young man arraigned for piracy and murder. Eager to have a view of him, I pressed forward through the crowd until I came into a position where my eyes rested full upon the prisoner. Oh! God *Edward Morton!!* Yes, there he was, the friend of my youth—bound hand and foot in the criminal’s box. The very sight of him was enough to strike the soul with horror. His visage was dark and rugged and his look that of a hardened villain. He gazed about upon the audience with the consciousness of innocence or with the recklessness of despair. When the trial was completed and the Judge arose to give his charge, he continued

in the same state of apparent unconcern, and even when the 'verdict of guilty' was brought in, not a muscle of his frame was seen to move, or a change to come over the serenity of his countenance. The audience instead of evincing sympathy for his deplorable fate, seemed rather to expect and wish it. His life, said they, has been a constant tissue of villainies and crimes, and it is a happy event that the law has arrested him in his unearthly career. He was remanded back to prison—there to await the execution of his sentence on a coming day. My own feelings during this awfully impressive scene, beggar description. Convinced as I always had been that my friend would one day verify his own words and 'perish a miserable being,' I never once dreamed that nature and virtuous sentiments could so die in his heart that he would become a robber and a murderer. I returned to my lodgings with the darkest feelings of sorrow. I resolved that ere to-morrow's sun had reached its meridian height, I would visit Edward Morton in prison and know something of the history of his latter life—not for the satisfaction of myself alone—but for that of his friends. I returned as usual to rest, but the scene of the day lay on my soul like an incubus. The mangled forms of innocent victims slain upon the 'high seas' came up before my startled imagination in grim horror. I passed indeed a sleepless and comfortless night—but morning had not long come—before I stood at the door of Morton's gloomy cell. As I entered he looked up—but appeared not to recognise me. I addressed him but he answered me not. 'What' said I, 'do you not know Erastus Williams the playmate of your boyhood and the friend of your youth?'

'Oh God!' cried he 'is it you? Behold the once promising Edward Morton before you, a wretch—a pirate and a murderer! It was my fate. Heaven destined me to be a wretched and a murderous being and that destiny is now fulfilled. But what has become of Elizabeth Stanley and my parents—names which it is profanation in me ever to mention?'

'Your parents,' returned I, 'are still living and have almost forgotten you. But Miss Stanley has been dead these nine years. She died they say of disappointment.'

'Oh! there is another thing,' said he, 'that must be added to the black catalogue of my crimes.—I loved her and she loved me—but I never dared breathe to her the presentiment which I had of my future destiny.'

'Will you' said I 'give me a brief history of your latter life?'

'The story' returned he 'is too dark to tell, save only in the abstract. You know that when I entered upon my collegiate course, I was remarkable for a want of fixed principles of virtue and religion. These my father had not been careful to instill into my mind, and the only reason which induced me to assume them at all, was that they were fashionable,

and suited the taste of the world. But in my associations in college I found many congenial spirits—many who entertained the same views with regard to these subjects as myself, and as they rejected them entirely I also began to throw them off. They held frequent meetings and talked upon infidelity and all its attendant topics. I mingled in these meetings and neglected the companionship of better friends until I became one of the foremost champions of the doctrine. I settled myself in the belief that virtue and piety were unnecessary, that infidelity was the best religion and that the destinies of all were unalterably fixed. I had some how imbibed the idea that I was born to be a wretch, and reckless of what I did—in returning one night from a scene of revelry—I committed the act—I will not say unprovoked—that caused my clandestine departure from college. Not daring to go home—I repaired to New Orleans, and enlisted in the service of a privateer then fitting out. I continued in this ship a whole year—during which time we had taken many prizes and amassed for ourselves much wealth. I now purchased a vessel of my own, and after continuing in this business of lawful plunder until hostilities ceased, I became a regular mercantile trader in one of the West India ports. But this department was not congenial to the depravity of my nature. I had seen too much bloodshed and plunder to mingle honestly in the strifes of business. I therefore quitted them and became a cold calculating pirate. I will not attempt to describe the numerous vessels which I have taken, or the innocent blood of thousands that has been sacrificed to my remorseless lust. I have plunged the dagger into the vitals of a fellow being with as much unconcern as you would plunge it into a brute. But it was my fate to do all this and I have only fulfilled it.'

'Have you no fear' inquired I 'of misery in a life to come?'

'Ah!' replied he with a *sardonic* smile, 'I detest these opinions of the world about a future state. We cannot alter the destinies of nature—and it is idle to attempt it. If there is any place of torment for the souls of the departed,—which I do not believe,—I was made for it.'

'Will you,' said I, 'persist in adhering to such baneful principles to the last gasp of your existence?'

'Yes,' replied he, 'as near as I approach the portals of an awful tomb I cannot give up my favorite theory. I have clung to it in my darkest days and it is the only consolation which remains to me in the hour of death.'

'You might,' said I, 'become penitent and pray for pardon and forgiveness at the mercy of Heaven—'

'No,' returned he, 'I cannot if I would.—They have condemned me to execution—but there is that'—pointing to the ring on his finger 'which shall cheat the hangman of his due. The men, whom I fondly deemed my best

friends, to save themselves—have turned traitors to me and my cause—but wretches ! they shall not see me hung up a loathsome spectacle for the scoffs and sports of an unfeeling multitude. No : the hour is come ! I will suck the poison contained in this ring and die as I have lived—"hating man, myself, and God." There ! 'Tis finished ! I feel the death-like palsy coming on—Eternity is before me'—and he sunk back upon the pavement—A livid hue had come over his lips—the poison had done its work—and he died muttering '*it was my fate !—it was my fate !*'

Such, Reader was the beginning and the end of Edward Morton. Beware how you foster or give encouragement to his principles.

—"One vice another follows,
Till vices universal mark the man."

E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

The eccentric H. H. Breckenridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows :

'I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is lest I should hurt you ; and the other is lest you should hurt me ; I do not see any good it would do me to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey ; I am no cannibal to feast on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use ? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh might be tender yet it wants the firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for a long sea voyage.—You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum ; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing now. As to your hide, it is not worth taken off, being little better than a two year old colt. So much for you. As to myself I do not like any thing that is harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. This being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object a tree or barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me.'

IMMORTALITY.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied ? Why is it that the rain-

bow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness ? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties ; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory ? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us ; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts ? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. Their is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever !—*G. D. Prentice.*

An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it and ran away. 'Now, my dear joy,' said the Irishman, 'what a fool you make of yourself ! what use will it be to you if you don't know how it is to be dressed.'

A couple of street sweepers in New-York were overheard, not long since, disputing upon the subject of their respective qualifications. 'I tell you what 'tis,' said one, 'in plain strait forward work you can get along tolerably well, but when you come to the *fancy work*, such as sweeping round a lamp post, damme if you can hold a candle to me !'

When Mr. Price, the American manager, first took possession of Drury Lane, Harley stopped, the band, that had struck up 'God save the King,' upon the manager's entry. 'That is not the most appropriate tune,' cried the wag. 'What then should we play Mr. Harley ?' inquired the astonished leader. 'Play,' exclaimed Harley, 'why '*Yankee doo-dle's come to town*,' to be sure.'

A Polite Child.—'How do you do, Jacob ?' said a woman, to a lad, in this city, the other morning.

'I'm well, I thank you,' said the boy.

'How do all your folks do ?' said the woman.

'They're all well I thank you, except dad,' replied the boy.

'What's the matter with your dad ?' asked the woman.

'He's dead, I thank you,' returned the boy—'how do you do, and all your folks ?'

PRIDE.

The proud heart is the first to sink beneath contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than others can. Oh, there is nothing in language can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness when kindness

is expected—of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation from such as we have cause to think beneath us, not alone in vigour of mind and spirit, but even in virtue and truth. The weak, the base, the hypocrite, are the first to turn with indignation from their fellow mortals in disgrace; and whilst the really chaste and pure suspect with caution, and censure with mildness, these traffickers in petty sins, who plume themselves upon their immaculate conduct, sound the alarm bell at the approach of guilt and clamour their anathemas upon their unwary and cowering prey.

The celebrated Daniel Burgess dining with a gentleman of his congregation a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was brought to the table. 'Where shall I cut it?' asked Daniel. 'Any where you please, Mr. Burgess,' answered the gentleman. Upon which Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions; when they establish their fortunes on the ruin of others; when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection; when they expect to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure; when they seek friends without making advances of friendship; and when they are unwilling to succor their friends in distress.

Dr. Watts.—As he was standing one day in a coffee-house, he observed a gentleman looking very steadfastly at him, and presently heard him say to his friend, 'That is Dr. Watts.' 'It is?' replied the other; 'Then he is a very little fellow;' on which Dr. Watts, turned to them and said—

'Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.'

Ship A Hoy! Fire ship afloat in the channel.—As the brig Opossum passed the Scilly Islands, a passenger hailed a pilot boat and asked if the Reform Bill had passed? The pilot replied, 'I don't know the ship. Sir was she bound up Channel or down?'—*Lon. paper.*

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the footman, told him if he moved he was a dead man. 'That's a lie, for if I move, I am sure that I am alive.'

A haughty general who had risen from obscurity to the rank he enjoyed, one day reviewing his troops, took notice of a man in the ranks who was excessively dirty. Going up to him, he said, 'How dare you appear on parade with that dirty shirt? It is as black as ink! Did you ever see me so nasty, and such

a dirty shirt when I was a private?' 'No, your honor, to be sure I never did,' answered the man, 'but then your honor will please to recollect, that *your* honor's mother was a washerwoman.'

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man; on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, 'Oh,' said he, 'I belong to another parish.'

After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing of the decision of the Doctors, a son of the sick man approached him, and exclaimed, 'Father, don't submit to the operation, for there was never any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

We would inform the editor of the Hartford Bouquet, that 'The Maniac Criminal' was, not only *said to have been,* but *was* actually written by a gentleman of that city, Mr. Ebenezer C. Bishop, of Washington College.

The Little Merchants.—This instructive little book has been recently published at the Franklin Press Office, New-York. It is from the pen of Maria Edgeworth, whose name is a sufficient recommendation to those who are acquainted with her works.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending November 16th.

E. A. Parker, Feeding Hill, Mass. \$1; S. Chase, Providence, R. I. \$1; J. E. Stearns, Castleton N. Y. \$5; L. S. Morris, Ogdensburg, N. Y. \$1; B. T. Hoxie, Madison, N. Y. \$1; C. M. Hahly, Fairport, N. Y. \$1; A. D. Deyau, New Brunswick, N. J. \$1; A. P. Bullock, Rondout, N. Y. \$5; J. Wilson, Hallowell, U. C. \$2.

SUMMARY.

Imprisonment for debt.—The editor of the U. S. Gazette calls this practice a frightful punishment for misfortune and a fruitful source of negligence and crime.

The Charles-town Courier says *Old Iron Sides* is to be the first vessel to enter the Dry Dock when it is completed there.

Our Mackerel-men are driving a fine business, as will be seen by reference to our Marine head. Their arrivals, packing out, and departures, have given quite a bustle to the town this week, and our neighbor Joyce, the Inspector, has had his hands full of business.—The Mackerel are said to be very plenty on the coast this season. Newburyport harbor is said to have been blockaded with them one or two days last week.—*Wis. Intel.*

There were exported from Canada this year, up to Oct. 16, 1,321 bushels of Wheat—72,191 barrels Flour—19,367 barrels Pot Ashes—11,338 barrels Pearl Ashes.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Conrad Van Kuren, to Miss Catharine Righter.

At Claverack, by the Rev. Mr. Sloyter, Mr. Bethuel Turner, to Miss Frances Geary.

In Ghent, near the Hudson Print Works, on Monday the 31st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. James Ashworth, to Mrs. Lovicy A. Weaver.

On the following day, at the same place, by the same person, Mr. Richard Crompton, to Miss Hannah Ormrod.

At Colchester, Delaware Co. Abraham V. Schermerhorn, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss Sarah Christina Doll, both of Kinderhook, Columbia Co.

In Bridgeport, Mr. Geo. W. Smith editor of the Times, to Miss Sarah H. Wheeler.

On Wednesday, the 2d inst. by Mr. Pelton, Mr. John Esleeck Stearns to Miss Elizabeth Proseus, all of the village of Castleton.

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday the 12th inst. Daniel Russel, only son of Simon S. Hathaway, aged two years and a half.

'So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Faint, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.'



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository,
FAREWELL.

There is a word in whose wild tone
Unuttered terrors dwell,
And frenzy shakes proud reason's throne,
As white lips shriek—Farewell !—
There is a word whose madd'ning thrill
No human tongue may tell,
When hopeless Lovers linger still,
And cannot breathe—Farewell !
There is a word whose soft'ning sway
The ingenuous bosom's heart doth swell,
When trusting friendship dares to say,
' We meet again—Farewell !'
There is a word which angels love
And heaven approveth well,
'Tis faith's last lip e'er borne above,
It murmurs low—Farewell !—

For the Rural Repository.
THE LUNATIC'S COMPLAINT.

Away ! Away ! I cannot bear
These emblems of the past ;
Oh ! I was free, and happy once,
But yet it could not last ;
Too bright for earth, my visions were
And they are past, and I am—where !
My dungeon walls are all my home,
I love them for the very name—
My youthful hopes are buried here,
—The gorgeous dreams of fame :
My panting hopes of future bliss,
All faded into nothingness.
I know not why I thus am kept,
Immured within my dreary cell,
I know not why my fellow men
Should shun me, as a fiend of Hell ;
I had a friend when I was free—
Oh ! does he ever think of me !
The birds that sing on every flower,
Their notes are not for me—
For though I sometimes hear their song
Themselves I cannot see ;
Oh ! bitter thoughts of by-gone days,
Why float ye back on their sweet lays !
Oh ! that I might forever sink,
To the cold realms of death !
Oh ! that I never more might hear
The sound of human breath !
Its pitying tones—depart !—depart !
Oh ! torture not my aching heart !
Oh ! I have longed, and prayed, to breathe
My last, beneath the clear blue sky,
But now within my dungeon wall,
I'll lay me down and die ?
Forever in my dreary nest,
My grave shall be my home of rest.

LARA.

From the Token, for 1832.
THE DEAD SOLDIER.
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Soldier !—She's near thee now,
For whom thy latest prayer
Was but to gaze upon her brow,
And bless her faithful care ;

The death-shot in thy breast ;
The death-mist o'er thine eye ;
For this, thy faltering footsteps prest
On, toward thy tent, to die.
She's kneeling at thy side,—
Her face of anguish, see !
How changed that bright and blooming bride
Who left her home for thee.
The battle-smoke curls high
Above yon reeking plain,
Thy comrades raise the victor-cry,
Wake, Soldier !—'tis in vain !
Mourn ! mourn, thou desolate one,
No more thy path forlorn
Shall glow with earth's refulgent sun,
It hath no second morn :
Go in thy deep despair
Down to thy husband's tomb,
And lay thy young affections there,—
They know no second bloom.
Babe ! Sorrow hath no power
O'er innocence like thine,
And thou must gild her lonely bower,
A star from Mercy's shrine.
Thy sweetly slumbering breath,
That o'er her cheek shall stream,
Can chase the forms of war and death,
That haunt her nightly dream.
Still with thy cherub art
Her misery beguile,
And when the grief-pang rends her heart,
Wear then thy father's smile ;
None else thy skill can share,
None else such balm bestow,
For thou canst bring a mother's care
To heal a widow's woe.

STANZAS.

Have you not seen the lengthening line
Along the silent sea,
Where yonder orient moon-beams shine
In hush'd serenity—
The lessening sail, that all unfurl'd
Woos the still breath of eve?—
And can your heart admire a world
It seems so sweet to leave ?
Oh ! I have watched that midnight sheen,
So tranquil and so fair,
Along the waves of deeper green,
And wished that I was there !
To roam those heaving waters, bright
By Heaven's own moon-beams made—
To find my own a path of light,
Where all beside is shade !

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it holds a gall-on, (gallon.)
PUZZLE II.—X. P. D. N. C. (expediency.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a school-boy who has just begun to read, like knowledge itself?

II.

What letters express what personal beauty is sure to do?

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